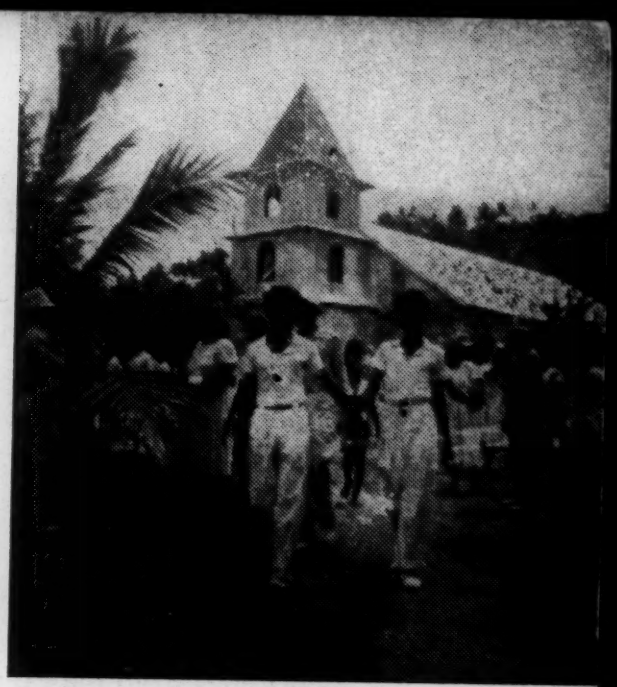
ENVELOPE SERIES



Volume 54 Winter 1951 Number 4

Let's Celebrate One Hundred Years of Missionary Life!

MICRONESIA ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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OF RELIGION

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS 14 Beacon St., Boston

A QUARTERLY

ENVELOPE SERIES

Issued by

The Committee on Missionary Education in the Local Church of the Missions Council of Congregational Christian Churches

Editor: Ruth Isabel Seabury, *Educational Secretary*

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LET'S CELEBRATE

A Letter from the Editor

DEAR READER:

A hundred years ago a little company of missionaries commissioned in a solemn service of dedication in Hawaii, equipped with a letter from the King of the Hawaiian Islands and with orders from the King of Heaven set sail for Micronesia "not knowing whither they went." Their impact on the Islands was just what the King in Honolulu thought it would be, difficult at first, but *revolutionary* in its effect. One hundred years later we find that in one group of those islands where the Christian Church has maintained its world-wide contact through the years, 90% of the islanders are Christian, and on other islands where there are churches from 69% to 79% of the people are in the Christian Church.

This year in two of these Island areas there will be big celebrations of the coming of the missionary in 1852. The Island of Kusaie was the original landing place and there our fellow-Christians are planning to hold in the fall a tremendous celebration. Ponape, which is the second island visited, will do something even more important: they plan to celebrate by a whole year of Evangelism in which the Island churches themselves will summon every effort and ability to bring a true evangelistic commitment to those only nominally Christian and to those not yet reached.

In the American Board we have decided to celebrate too! We are suggesting to every Congregational Christian church in America that at some time in the year 1952, but preferably between January and June, an *Anniversary Celebration* be held *in the local church*. Still more important and significant we suggest that after that celebration some one person or a committee write a letter of congratulation, good will, and Christian fellowship to the Islanders themselves. As Miss Wilson said, when we suggested it, "They would *love* it! It would be a great in-

spiration." The letter may include a message from the church or one of its committees, or a vote taken at whatever celebration is held, a Church-Night for example. The letter should be sent to Rev. John Sigrah, Trust Territory, Kusaie, Eastern Caroline Islands, known in the Islands as King John, for he was literally the King of the Kusaians before the days of "democracy." He regards his ordination as a Christian pastor as even more important, however. We think it would be wonderful if he could receive before the Celebration a tremendous number of greetings from our American churches. For, you see, the people of Micronesia are certain that their "Boston Christian friends" will be thinking of them during this time of celebration.

We have devoted this entire number of ENVELOPE SERIES to the celebration and we believe you will find material here complete enough for you to put on such an observation of the Anniversary. We have also listed other materials which you can use if you wish to go further.

Three kinds of program we have outlined: A Family or Church Night Dinner program, a Service of Worship which might be used in an evening service in the church or in any formal meetings of the organizations of the church. We have suggested a simpler, more informal one which might be used in the Sunday Schools. Miss Gertrude Warner, of Putnam, Connecticut, has written for us what we consider to be an unusually fine play, easily produced, and very effective if it is tried. She has suggested that it might be done in full, or in two acts, or, if desirable, only one. In the Missions Council offices we stand ready to help you with additional materials as noted on page 44.

Have a good time with Micronesia. Greet our Brethren there in Christian love. Pray for and with them, for "we need each other." A significant and happy New Year to them and to you, and to us all.

RUTH ISABEL SEABURY

Boston Massachusetts
December 20, 1951

PLANNING THE ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM

The following outlines may be adapted to circumstances, combined in various ways, and the material in the rest of this issue of ENVELOPE SERIES will lend itself to all three types. For the more informal or dinner program try some Micronesian decorations. Ferns and flowers would be the most typical items, but woven mats or grass baskets would be quite typical also. Weave the ferns together and put flowers in at the joints. All kinds of shells may be used also, and there may be in your community people with specimens of coral which can be used. (See the page on materials available.)

I. For a Church Night Dinner

Decorate the tables with shells and flowers if possible or with curios borrowed for the purpose (see p. 44). If possible put up a large map of Oceania which will represent the islands in something more than pin points. Some group in the church might make an outline map using the one on page 13 as a pattern.

Plan Your Menu to provide as much Micronesian atmosphere as possible (see p. 24).

Secure the place mats (suggested on p. 44) or make your own by roughly sketching off the map reproduced in this leaflet.

Toastmaster's Introduction may follow the lines of the article "Introduction to Micronesia" (p. 14), but the Editor's Letter will have some informal bits which can be added to it.

Use at least one of the hymns given on the hymn page letting a quartet or choir prepare it ahead of time, or if possible, mimeograph copies and let the whole congregation try them. The tunes are all perfectly familiar.

We suggest **three main features:** 1. Let a group of ten or twelve young people prepare the biographical bits on page 21. Two of these personalities are women, the others are men. Use

whichever of them you prefer but try to represent all six of the areas mentioned. Let each indicate on the map the Island from which he comes. They might post a small Christian flag for each one.

2. Let one woman, or older young person, take the part of Miss Wilson and make the skipper's speech (see p. 10). This may be done by simulating a radio and having the speech given on the loud speaker, the person giving it being unseen. Another personality may divide the Introduction to Micronesia, doing the "map talk" as a special feature (p. 14).

3. As a final feature, let the Pastor or Toastmaster present a call for a greeting to be written and sent to Micronesia. This may be taken in the form of a vote or a letter prepared in advance and read for approval or adoption, or a more informal type of action may be taken to be carried out by a committee subsequently (see p. 3).

N.B. Additional features which may be added for a more extended celebration would be the **new film strip** on our work on Micronesia or the movie taken by the Navy and available to our churches under the title "Pacific Island." If there is time **one act, two acts, or all of the play** "O Morning Star" might be presented at the same occasion.

Close the meeting with prayer for our fellow-Christians in Micronesia: a prayer of thanksgiving for what they have become, for their partnership with us, for the Morning Star, the gallant little ship of Evangelism, and for all our workers.

II. For A Worship Service

Use The Hymns from page 8, since they are all familiar tunes. If possible, mimeograph them so that the whole congregation can participate, otherwise have them done by a quartet or choir.

Scripture: I Thessalonians, 1, all and the benediction at end of Chapter 5.

Prayer of Thanksgiving at the beginning, **Service of Intercession,** and blessing for our fellow-Christians at the close.

Pastor's Introduction: Use "Introduction to Micronesia," page 14.

Program Features: Select a group of young people to give the thumb-nail sketches of Island Christian leaders. Use as many as you care to for this, but if possible a minimum of six which would represent six different areas. There are eleven given here, two of whom are women. Let someone perpare also to give the speech of Miss Wilson (p. 10) as Skipper of the Morning Star. See Additional Resources under "Materials You Can Get," page 44.

Before the Service of Intercession, let the Pastor or Leader propose the letter of greeting and fellowship, or read one already prepared, to be signed.

III. For a More Informal Program

For a more informal program, where the play "O, Morning Star" is to be given, if possible work in a little of the Introduction to Micronesia, the Map, and the material in the Editor's Letter by way of an introduction to the play or to be used between the acts. Such a program may also be used with the movie or film strip. These also should be introduced by material arranged for that purpose, as above. One of the hymns could certainly be used in connection with any of these more informal programs. Here, too, be sure to get a Greeting or Letter voted and sent.

In the Church School the speech by Miss Wilson would be most suitable, used with Hymns, Filmstrip, Prayer and the Morning Star materials available (see p. 44).

In any evening, afternoon, or tea time group of informal type try the refreshments suggested.

MICRONESIAN HYMNS

From the Kusaian Hymn Book

The Church's One Foundation

Tune: Aurelia

1. Jisus Kraist El mugenu,
Pelun nu ke Surs Lal,
Su ma orekla sasu,
Ke kofu a ke kas;
El tuku lun me sokol,
El molella ke sral,
El mise kel in oral,
Mutan pusla mutal.

2. Liki mutanfwal kemwu,
El es met in Surs Lal,
Tu siena Leum lalos,
Isusla a fwinsrak,
Siena lalalfuni,
In Kraist Mwen Nutin God,
Siena an selos lun,
Elos akmwot nu we.

3. In orekma a asor,
A me lokwalok pus,
El tupan pal in monla,
A misla ma patpat,
Ke el fwa es kutanla,
Fwin fwalu a Setan,
A muta yurin Leum lal,
In an mwolanu sel.

4. Komwos in sano, met mwo,
Ke komwos muta ten,
Orekma nu sin Jisus,
A akfulatye El.
Na El fwa sa in tuku,
A es komwos nu lun,
Tuyuk, fwinsrak wi enun,
El tuku tiu pat.

I Need Thee Every Hour

1. O ña* enene Kom
   O Jisus mol;
   Ke pusrem mwo ña loñ
   Piñana len.

   Chorus
   Ñ a luñsi Kom ña luñsik,
   Len ã foñ na luñsik;
   O pakoten Leum Jisus,
   Ña fwas nu Sum.

2. O ña enene Kom,
   Tu Kom si mwo,
   In sisla koluk luk,
   Ke tuku Lom.

3. O ña ene Kom,
   Ke mas ku ñal,
   Fwin tuku nu yuruk,
   Kom si ku luk.

4. O ña ene Kom,
   O luti yu,
   Ke mwuleun ma Lom,
   Kom si nu sik.

5. O ña enene Kom,
   O Jisus mwo;
   Si kut tu ña met Lom,
   Kase yu mwo.

* ñ is pronounced like ng.

My Faith Looks Up To Thee

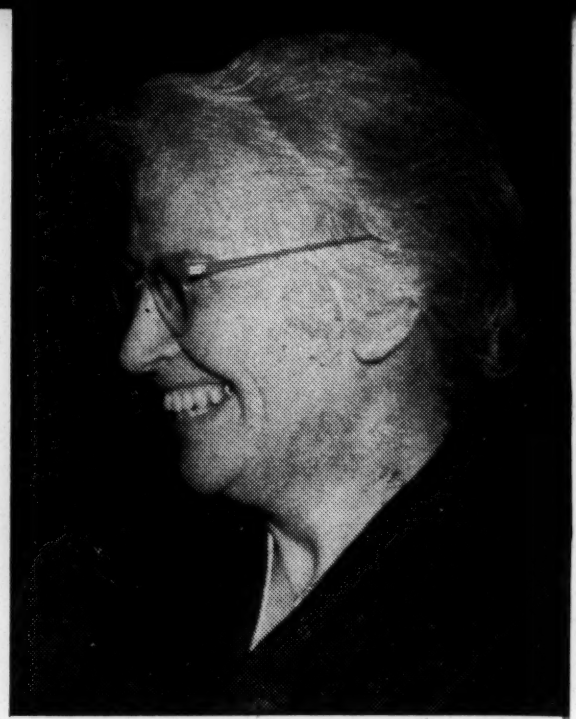
Tune: Olivet

1. Na kenu net nu Sum,
   Kom, Lamb lum Kalvari,
   Met Lano mwo:
   Kom lon pal ke na pre,
   Esla ma koluk ke,
   Lela tu pal si tuk
   Na fwa met mwo.

2. Lela Tu lun Lom luk
   Akkeye in siuk,
   Akalkin yu;
   Ou kom misi ke na,
   Lela tu lun luk Sum,
   Mutal, a fwol, a mwo,
   Fwa akmwo yu.

3. Ke na fwas innek fwal,
   Asor apneni yu,
   Kom atol yu;
   Sap los a ekla len,
   Ella ma asor tun,
   Kol yu apkurun Sum,
   Na fwas mwo.

4. Ke somla pal si ten,
   Ke na a fwa nu som
   Nu yim an nun,
   O Jisus, in ma lun
   Esla ma sanen, tun,
   Kom wis yu os nu lun,
   Enun in Nun.



A SKIPPER SPEAKS

(Miss Eleanor Wilson, Missionary, was for over a year skipper of the Morning Star.* This is her message to us.)

I was the first American to go aboard the Morning Star after she arrived in the Caroline Islands, but as I climbed on deck little did I realize that I'd ever become the Skipper of that very boat. She is a pretty schooner, 63 feet in length, and when I took over in 1950 the engine had gone back on us so we had to depend entirely upon her sails. Some boats out in the Islands have a hard time getting in and out of the lagoons but our crew were skillful and due to the way the Star is built we were always able to enter a pass, that is provided we had any wind! I'll never forget the time we were in sight of Majuro all day and no wind! We put down our sails and just sat, only the boat didn't stay still for it was in June when we have heavy southerly currents and each hour we noted the distance we had drifted. About ten o'clock that evening a slight breeze arose and our sails went up. Slowly, slowly we moved toward the pass and about seven o'clock in the morning the breeze picked up so that we were able to cover thirty miles and landed at Ronron before dark. I certainly thanked the Lord, for only the evening before the sailors had said there would be no wind the following day!

There were seven Marshall men who made up the crew. Folks have asked me if I were not afraid to be the only woman aboard with them. My only fear was that they would not stay on the

* A new skipper has been found and appointed—Capt. Ketchum.

course! They are used to navigating by waves and did not realize the importance of keeping right on the compass course. Several boats have gone off their course and it is said that the waves just don't seem to be the same since the Bikini atomic bomb tests! Did you read in *Time* for November 19th about the Marshall boat which landed in the New Hebrides after being at sea for 102 days? I certainly felt sorry for those folks. A compass doesn't do you much good unless you have a sextant. Many of the older men probably wouldn't be able to learn celestial navigation to the point of finding their longitude but they could if they had a sextant get their latitude which would be a great help in finding their destination. I marvel that more boats don't go astray.

Our Micronesian people love to travel and don't seem to have any fear of getting lost. The Star never takes off from any point that there isn't someone who wishes to go to the place the Star is headed for! Wherever the Star goes it is a source of inspiration and encouragement to the Islanders. They always give it a hearty welcome and they never like to see it go! If no pastor works on an island, the missionary aboard the Star may be asked to perform wedding ceremonies, baptize babies and hold communion services. It is sort of like a floating parsonage. I don't say church for we have churches of a kind on all Islands. Services are held in the local church building. Some of the churches are quite large while others are small, according to the population.

Thanks to the Star I have been able to help with the dedication of three churches and also I have been able to attend a Jubilee celebration on Ronlap, not far from Bikini.

You see a missionary has to be all things to all men. There are never enough pastors to go around, never enough trained workers, so the missionary is a pastor to the pastors, a teacher for the teachers, a friend for all the Christian community. No one of you in the States can realize what distance means to our

Islanders, how great their isolation. Suppose your pastor had no association meeting or pastor's conference, no theological library available, almost no magazines, no book but the Bible unless he knew a foreign language, and his nearest colleague was across the water two or three days' journey *by boat!* You can see what the visit of the field person would mean to him—that is where we missionaries come in. I try never to be a boss, never to be a foreigner—but only a co-worker, a colleague and counselor, and to keep my own spiritual life as close to the Master as my Island friends keep theirs. In consecration they can often teach me, but I represent that world-wide church of Christ to which they belong also.

When out on that vast Pacific in a small 63-foot boat one feels very close to God and I thank Him that the Star has always reached her destination. May the Stars continue to shine through those Islands guiding the Island people to Him Who is the Bright and Morning Star.

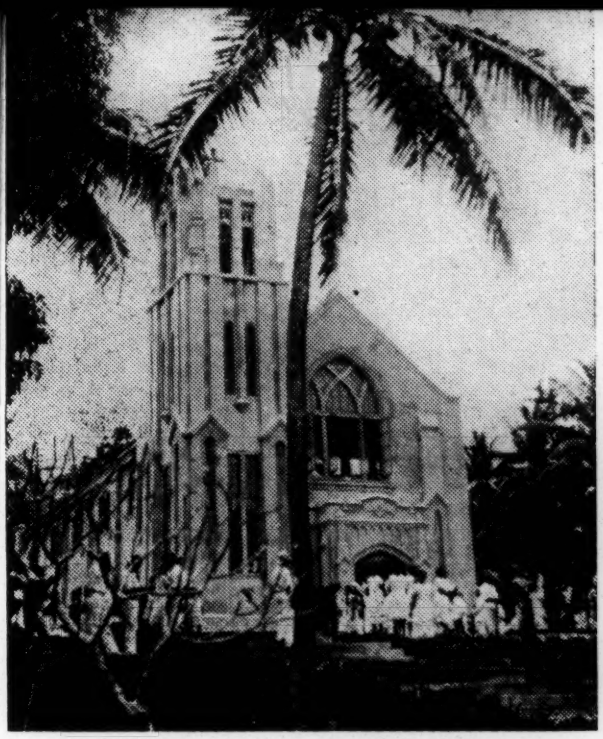
The shaded area in the larger map indicates Micronesia (Caroline and Marshall Islands). Underscored names on the inset map point out the major islands on which our mission work is conducted.

INTRODUCTION TO MICRONESIA

Our Congregational Christian churches have long since been assigned, by International Church agreements, responsibility for Christian service in the Marshall and Caroline Islands of Micronesia, and more recently by inheritance from a German mission (Liebenzeller Mission) for service in the Palaus. Here in these islands of our "concern" is a population of some 35,000, and an active Christian community of about 16,000. "From the beginning," says one of our writers, "the American Board's work in Micronesia has been a *successful* mission for the people were most receptive to its message." In 1875, after less than 25 years of service, there were churches on most of the islands and pastors had been ordained, a training school established for leaders, the spoken language reduced to writing, and large portions of the Scriptures translated into the native tongue. A hymn book used most enthusiastically by the Islanders had been published in America and sent out to them.

Today there are 620 official Christian leaders among the Islanders themselves, and 167 places of service, or churches. The important thing about it is, however, that this simple isolated people, relatively untouched by what we call civilization, has whole-heartedly accepted Christianity as a way of life, and Christ as the personal Savior to whom they owe allegiance. They have the strictest possible standards for Christian living and the church holds sternly to its sense of responsibility for keeping their members in that Christian life and sustaining them in it. The profound impression made upon the visitor to Micronesia, whether he comes as a G.I., a Government official, or a commercial traveler, is that here are warm, confident, singing, and praying Christians who often give to the Western visitor a deep sense of shame.

Officially the islands are a Trust, now known as "The Trust



Territory of the Pacific," administered by the United States Government through the Department of the Interior. Since the first of July, 1951, this department rather than the Navy has been responsible for government administration of the islands. They seem to be taking quite seriously the work of education and of leadership training for government responsibility and they have approved, in fact, urged, the sending of missionaries, not with any government connection but to strengthen the work which the islanders believe to be the most important element in their life—the Christian community and its church.

Our chief Congregational Christian responsibility is that of maintaining the missionaries who work with the islanders. At the present time these include:

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Hanlin. Mr. Hanlin, as General Superintendent of all the work in Micronesia, has general fellowship responsibility for the churches and they are to be located on Truk (see map) with special responsibility for the Truk Area.

Rev. Eleanor Wilson (now on furlough) but returning in ample time for the Kusaie celebration, with headquarters on Majuro and general responsibility in the Marshall Islands (see p. 10).

Rev. and Mrs. Chester Terpstra, General Missionary for Ponape Area, with headquarters on Ponape, has in addition responsibility for building and developing a Pastors' Training School much needed by the island leaders.

Miss Anna Dederer (formerly with the Liebenzeller mission) living on Truk and responsible for the girls' school which serves the Truk Area.

Miss Lucy Lanktree, recently returned from China and the Foochow mission, has been reassigned to Micronesia to live on Kusaie and take responsibility for the school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Miller, Associate Missionaries on term appointment, are living at Majuro and teaching in the Ronron school.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilhelm Fey, Associate Missionaries, actually members of the Liebenzeller mission in which they still have their standing in Germany, but now working with the American Board in Palau. Their work has its headquarters on the island of Koror where Mr. Fey is a general fellowship missionary with the churches and supervises a boys' school.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilhelm Kaercher, Associate Missionaries, also from the Liebenzeller group, with headquarters on the island of Tol in Truk. They are just about to come on furlough and some of our American churches may meet them on their way to Germany. They work with Miss Dederer in Christian fellowship with the churches.

Capt. and Mrs. Creston Donald Ketchum have just been appointed for the full-time skipper's job with the Morning Star.

It is probable that one more China missionary will be transferred to this mission to help in the school work.

Leadership training and preparing the churches after the long years of war which disconnected them from contact with the World Church is our biggest job. Our pastors and leaders long to be active participants in the World Church and they count on the missionaries to help them in achieving that. The Islanders have a high rate of literacy, but have had almost no further education beyond the elementary school. Recently three leaders have been sent to Hawaii for more advanced training and it is hoped that more may be sent to Silliman University in the Philippines for an experience in our splendid training school there.

Map Talk (May be made a separate feature)

If possible use first a large world map, and then pinned upon it or at the side, a map of the Island area.

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If you look at the world map these islands are, as they have been called frequently, "pinpoints in the Pacific."

There are three kinds of islands in Micronesia: the coral atolls, a group of low land points around a lagoon; single islands without a lagoon and with dangerous coral reefs all about, and Truk with high islands in a lagoon. Still others are low-lying narrow reefs in themselves, often no more than one-quarter of a mile wide. The largest of our islands is only ten miles square! And such dstances of open ocean apart!

The distance across the Island Area from Palau to the end of the Marshalls is about 2,000 miles. It is this great expanse of limitless ocean which our little ships, "The Morning Stars," have sailed over and over again. And the hazards of those mid-Pacific waters would be almost impossible for us to understand except by experience.

If you take the map of the Island world alone you notice that Micronesia is divided into great groups of islands the most important of which are the Carolines, the Marshalls, the Gilberts, and the Mariannas. The Mariannas, the largest of which is the island of Guam, have been assigned to a Baptist church board for development; the Gilberts were taken over by the British Congregationalists; leaving the American Board responsible for two large groups, the Marshalls and Carolines (draw a rough line around these large groups) and a smaller group just beyond the Carolines to the west, the Palaus.

For purposes of church work our islands have been redistributed into five districts each with a center. The Marshalls form one group centering at Majuro, though historically many Americans will recognize the names of Bikini, Eniwetok, Jaluit and Kwajalein as memorable. The *second* area is the island of Kusaie, the first place settled by the missionaries, where our central coeducational school is located. The *third* group is Ponape with the little islands around it. This is really the nearest to a

center for our whole work and here will be located the Pastors' Training School.

The *fourth* area is the group of islands around Truk Atoll as a center. Here also are some other rather substantial islands—Hall, Puluwat, etc. Then far over to the west is the *fifth* district including the Palau islands, and here the Liebenzeller mission has developed a school for boys and has kept the Feys for coöperation with the churches.

What Is Our Part?

Our fellow-Christians in the Marshalls and the Carolines have supported their own churches with great devotion, and in addition, frequently an elementary school as well. They have been generous in sending Evangelists to other Islands. *What they cannot do for themselves* is the training of educated leadership for which no Island with its slender population can support. There must be a fine Pastors' Training School serving *all* our five areas. The students will be brought by the Morning Star and they will probably go home only once in two years. Then there should be a School (which at present would be of Junior High School standing only since there are almost no High

Schools in the Islands) for each of the five areas. This will produce the educated lay-leadership whch the churches need. No doubt these eventually will turn out to be Normal schools and sometime even a college on a Christian foundation. If the government provides a better grade of education these boarding schools could perhaps become hostels but that time is a long way off. The Christian church members in the Islands want their young people to live together under Christian supervision and in a Christian atmosphere, and if possible, with a missionary.

There will be opportunity in the future for us to help them send a few of their finest leaders for training farther afield as has been done for other missions.

Then there is still no adequate translation of the Bible in most of the languages of the Islands. They will need Bible Scholars from outside, translators and teachers.

This is the nature of our partnership. The Spirit of Christ is in these people themselves and He will help those who have been brought up in the Christian faith to reach those who are still in a more primitive state, for even today there are unevangelized areas and some of our churches are hardly ten years old. The Church on Puluwat is less than that and in the last few months another has begun on Pelusee, with leadership from the Truk church. Evangelism is everybody's business in Micronesia. And the Christians in America seem bound by close ties that cannot be broken. May we not fail them.

A SERVICE OF PRAYER FOR MICRONESIA

To be used in any form of program. Allow for silence after each paragraph.

Let us remember the 15,000 people of our fellowship scattered on these little islands in the South Pacific. They are in great rejoicing this year, and full of thanksgiving for the way by which the hand of the Lord has led them. They are praising Him from the whole heart and singing His glory in song because of the gift of His Son and the Good News still ministered to them through one hundred years of missionary service. Let us give thanks with them for those years, for the lives poured out in the name of Christ and for the unbroken fellowship which has endured in spite of war, and distance, and principalities and powers.

Let us give thanks for the fidelity and enthusiasm of the Christian pastors and workers in Micronesia. The fellowship of Christ's people is enriched by their devotion, their unswerving love and their simple, heartfelt gifts in the name of Christ. *We* are richer because of them. Let us "thank our God upon every remembrance of them."

Let us give thanks with the people of the Islands for the succession of little ships representing the Morning Star of Hope, carrying the precious burden of the Word and the Bearers of the Word, in season and out of season. Let us renew our loyal determination together that there may be always little ships which will bind us together as one people whose God is the Lord.

Let us ask God's blessing and the empowering of the Father for our missionaries in Micronesia. May they be given wisdom in perplexity, strength in weariness, inspiration in their times of deepest need, patience, long suffering, loving kindness and tender mercy for these are They through whom God Himself is made known. May they know us as their partners, may the love of Christ which holds us together take from them all loneliness of heart, fill their cups to overflowing with the joy of sharing, may they know that their hands are upheld by the sustaining Fellowship of the Christian Family.

Let us ask God's blessing upon the Anniversary Celebrations in Kusaie and Ponape, that joy may pour out with songs of gladness as never before, that many new lives may be dedicated and that the outpouring of messages from American churches may sustain and strengthen and inspire the people of Micronesia, who by their lives are inspiring us. So may we ask for God's love in abundance that our concern for each other may make us witnesses of His power in all the earth.

BENEDICTION:

> Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.
>
> (Ephesians 3: 20-21.)

OUR CHRISTIAN FELLOW WORKERS

By Rev. Eleanor Wilson

Island Personalities

John Sigrah of Kusaie. Known as "King John" (see picture). Wanted to work with the missionaries but was made King during the German possession. He is now in his 70's. I ordained him in 1947 and he reached the climax of his hopes. Then Kusaie had become a "democracy" and they had no more need of a king! He is very fond of singing and is a good singer. His greatest desire is that all his children be good Christians. His pastime is making miniature beds such as the kings used in former times. He gives the beds as presents to foreigners who call on him. He is a small man, not very regal in looks, as you see. He makes lots of cord from the fibre on the inside of the husk of the green coconut.

Palik Kefwas of Kusaie. He is a large man (see picture) about 35 years of age. He is jolly and loves to teach Bible. He was ordained at the time John was but Palik has charge of the three outlying villages whereas John has charge of the Port Island of Lelu. Palik has run the Mission School at Mwot during the Hanlins' absence. He has done a fine job at planting melons, pineapples and sugar cane for the school. He is an "adopted" man. Kefwas had no children so he adopted four. Palik's main worry is that his own brothers are all out of the church!

Barton of Jaluit,* Marshall Islands. Barton is fairly tall but slender. His name was Empty but Mr. McCall did not think that an appropriate name for an evangelist so he renamed him Barton after James L. Barton! Barton is a brilliant man but on the Billy Sunday type and when his name came up as a candidate for ordination in December, 1946, the pastors all refused because Barton had broken a glass window with

* Most Island men have had only one name unless they have some "Western" blood. Wives take their husband's names with their own.

his hand when he was preaching one day! He is a very serious man probably 45 years old. He was ordained in July, 1949, and is doing a fine job in Jaluit.

Bourn Heine of Ronron, Marshall Islands. He is slender, about 5′ 4″ and is not only head of the Mission School at Ronron but Pastor of the church there and Treasurer of the Association of Marshall Island Churches. He has eight children but one has been adopted, leaving him only 7! He is 43 years old, the son of a missionary, Carl Heine, who served as a missionary of the American Board from 1900-1944, married an Island wife and was imprisoned and later killed by the Japanese occupying power during World War II, being at that time 74 years old. Bourn is very humble and does not seem to have much initiative but he is a splendid fellow and respected by all. He studied in Hawaii before taking over the principalship of the school.

Nelson of Kusaie. Nelson was the son of the King of Kusaie and is today a very active man and though he has not been ordained went as missionary to the Island of Puluwat. He went for one year, intending to stay only the one year, but after a visit back in Kusaie he accepted the call to return to Puluwat. That second time he took his son with him, and the King of Puluwat invited the son to "keep store" for him. The King's store had been up to this time quite unsuccessful and Nelson's son put it on its feet as a going concern. He married the King's daughter! And lived happily ever after?

Flora Alaksa. Flora was a daughter of the King of Kusaie and a sister of Nelson. She became a Christian and was trained under the Baldwin sisters, our long time missionaries in Kusaie, both in religion and in teaching. She is a widow, and not only a teacher in the Girls' School in Kusaie, but also head of the dormitory—a fine, attractive woman, an able teacher, and an inspiring Christian personality.

Artie Moses of Truk, who is a layman in the church, was a magistrate under the American Navy and at 65 years of age "is the biggest man on Truk." His parents were missionaries from the Mortlock Islands to Truk and helped to build the Christian Church in which Artie Moses is so strong a layman.

Joannes of Palau. He is a deacon of the church who volunteered to be a missionary from Palau Island to Yap which is today a pioneer missionary field. He is a quiet, dignified man of whom we know comparatively little but he is a further demonstration of the fact that in the Micronesian Islands a Christian and a missionary should be one and the same thing.

Robert of Truk. He is pastor of the church on Dublon, knows Japanese very well, and is probably 45 years of age. He served as a member of the Morning Star crew for just over a year. He had expected to be on only six months but the Star didn't get back as quickly as had been expected! Polite and jolly and friendly.

Galileo of Ponape. He is tall and very thin. A saint if ever there was one! He is in his 70's but still active. Never ordained but has worked with the churches as teacher and "pastor" for years. He is a great believer in prayer. Prays for the poor Russians, prays for the Islands of the Pacific where they have no missionaries! He's a great man.

Mary Isaac. She is 30 years old and married to Isaac. They were both students of ours at Kusaie before the war. They were married at Kusaie and returned to the Mission School there as teachers. Isaac has become a practitioner but Mary has been teaching at the Ronron school. She is precious, respected by all, very bright, has four small sons and has recently adopted a daughter—youngest child of a brother of hers! Speaks English well, Japanese, and Kusaien as well as Marshallese.

WILL YOU PLEASE

Send a Greeting to our friends in Micronesia from your church or group?

Have a Micronesia Project at some date between January and June, 1952? This may be a Children's program, Youth action Project or Church Activity. Watch for the Project of the Month for further suggestions.

REFRESHMENTS A LA MICRONESIA

We asked Eleanor Wilson what kind of food might be served at church dinners, parties, women's meetings, etc., which might in some sense be typical of Micronesia. The result of our request is a collection of most interesting suggestions plus a few recipes which we hope some of our church women will be bold enough to try!

She reminded us that the chief food item in the Islands is fish and fish chowder would be a very safe and typical and very interesting food to serve at a church supper. Fish is served, however, in all ways, fried, broiled or boiled.

Chicken is also celebration food.

Bananas, raw or cooked and in all forms, are typical.

Coconut is almost an essential item of Micronesian diet. If you

can have one or two whole ones so much the better. The water, the milk, and the meat of the coconut are used. Even coconut cakes would give a suggestion of Island living.

Limeade would be a typical drink. Limes are a little scarce but they love them.

Doughnuts are made in the Islands though in their case they are made without sugar or flavoring!

Bread is made by most Islanders today and some of the Islanders are very clever bakers.

Breadfruit, which is a most important item in the Micronesian diet, though that is not available to us, is quite like potato, actually more like *white sweet* potato, though Irish potatoes could be used.

The following concrete recipes are offered by Miss Wilson:

Fish-breadfruit Chowder (A Kusaie recipe)

Fish boiled (keep the water for the chowder).
Potatoes boiled and mashed in the water so as to thicken the soup.
Mix the above two items and if not the consistency of creamed soup add a little thickening.
Salt.
No milk is used in Kusaie for this.

Chicken-breadfruit Chowder from the Marshalls

Cut up chicken, leaving meat on bones. Boil, and keep water for chowder.
Cut potatoes (white sweet potatoes if possible) in small pieces and boil.
Do *not* mash.
Mix above articles together.
Add salt.
This is not thickened.

Fried "breadfruit"

Cut in slices and fry white sweet potatoes (or if necessary light yellow ones). Cut lengthwise if possible.

Arrowroot Cakes

Boil two cups of arrowroot in four cups of water.
Add mashed cooked pumpkin or mashed raw banana into the cooked

arrowroot. Bake in a bread or deep cake tin. (Bake in a slow oven if bananas are used.) Cut in slices to serve.

It should be a little thicker than Jello, somewhat like Turkish Paste in consistency so it can be picked up and eaten with the fingers.

Banana Fafa (From Kusaie)

Boil ripe bananas in their skins. Remove skins when done and mash the banana pulp. Pile on large plate.

Beat heavy cream not too stiff, add grated coconut to flavor it well, pour on the top of the banana. It should be just stiff enough not to run off. In the Island original a different process is used which is probably too difficult for us but which would be interesting to our cooks. Miss Wilson's description follows:

Grate ripe coconut into a bowl, add a small amount of water and swish around. Let stand a few minutes, then put a small quantity at a time into two layers of cheese cloth and squeeze out the juice on the banana.

CHILDREN'S READING CHART

(To be made into a Poster form.)

Kusaian	*English*
Aet, Jisos Yokwe Na,	Yes, Jesus Loves Me,
Aet, Jisos Yokwe Na,	Yes, Jesus Loves Me,
Aet, Jisos Yokwe Na	Yes, Jesus Loves Me
Bwe Eindrein An Baibel Ba.	The Bible Tells Me So.

O, MORNING STAR

A Play in Three Acts

By GERTRUDE WARNER

First and second acts may be given alone. Second and third acts given alone. All three acts may be given together.

Setting

First Act is between five spirits of the dead who can communicate with each other with no restrictions of Time.

> This scene may have no scenery whatever, except a background of screens, behind which is the scenery for the Second Act. Just remove the screens and 2d act is ready.
> Dress five Spirits each in a sheet draped over the head. If the actors do not learn parts readily, they may take a flashlight in one hand and script in the other, and read the parts beneath the sheet. Room should be in darkness otherwise, except for spotlights and flashlights.

Spirits of the Dead: Spirit of William Carey; His Old Deacon; Hiram Bingham; John Williams; American GI from Korea and World War II.

Second Act. Outside a Micronesian home. Four women actors.

Background screens draped with old-fashioned straw matting. Baskets and hats, etc., hung on matting. Opening at back for door.

Left foreground is ground oven, covered with leaves and stones, apparently steaming. (Incense or punk may be smoking in hidden holder.)

Behind that is hassock on which is seated Sepe, grating coconut. She might be seated on a Kiddie car with grater fixed to the handle. Grates away from her with wide strokes. (Coconut may be a white turnip.)

Four seats of some sort like hassocks ... one opposite Sepe for Notwe.

On audience side of that seat is a pile of taro roots . . . maybe dahlia tubers or long turnips. Grandmother and Notwe wear Mother Hubbards with shell wreaths in hair. They are made up light brown. Tulpe may wear a bit more modern dress of blouse and full skirt and scuffy shoes. Shell wreath.

Miss Wilson wears ordinary cotton dress and flat shoes.

Actors: Sepe, Old Grandmother, 97 years old; Notwe, a Neighbor Woman; Tulpe, The Granddaughter; Eleanor Wilson, Missionary, Skipper of the Morning Star.

Same scene for third, with addition of some sort of cot beds for two people. Should be low.

Act One

Enter spirit of William Carey, missionary to India from Scotland; stands gazing into space as his old Scottish Deacon enters from other side.

DEACON: Oh, Spirit of William Carey. What are you watching so intently?

CAREY: Ah, it is my old Baptist Deacon. I am watching the soul of India still struggling in the dark after all these years.

DEACON: So many years! I remember how ignorant I was on earth. You, William Carey, were far ahead of me when you were a very young boy and I was your old Deacon. How could I have said to you in anger, "Sit Down, young man?"

CAREY: It was the most natural thing in the world, Deacon. Everyone thought then that human nature being what it is, nobody would ever disturb himself to go to a dangerous foreign country to convert the heathen. No Englishman ever dreamed of Foreign Missions then.

DEACON: Nobody except you, William. I can see you now, the youngest man in the meeting, getting up slowly, trembling all over. And you said, "Should *ministers* not obey the command given to the Apostles? 'Go ye into all the world and teach all nations'?"

CAREY: And you frowned an awful frown and thundered at me, "Young man, SIT DOWN!" When God wishes to convert the heathen, he will do it without your help or mine.

DEACON: How little I knew about God then! What patience he has with such men as I!

CAREY: And I also. I was determined to go to the South Sea Islands, but God sent me to India. He had other men for the South Seas. What a long uphill road we made on earth of spreading the Gospel. Very few thought it worth while. Even I doubted, after seven long years in India without a single convert.

DEACON: But you lived to see the horrible custom of suttee abolished. After 1832 no living widow could legally be burned alive with her dead husband.

CAREY: Yes, it was well worth my whole life, Deacon. Many a time I have seen a huge pile of wood, holding the body of a dead man. And I have seen many a beautiful young Indian girl climb the pile of her own accord as an act of great holiness, to lie down beside her dead husband.

DEACON: There are still many people on earth who do not think that this business is important. One of those interesting instruments called Television, yes! But a missionary, No! for all of *them,* people could go on killing each other forever.

CAREY: Do not lose heart, Deacon. They will all learn the lesson sometime. It is God's good pleasure to give us the Kingdom. I feel another soul approaching. It is the spirit of Hiram Bingham! Are you searching for us, Hiram Bingham?

BINGHAM: Yes, indeed. I was searching for any kindred spirits who left their earthly homes to spread the Gospel. You wanted to go to the South Seas, Carey, but you were sent to India and I went to the South Seas.

DEACON: You went to Micronesia! those little pinpoints of land set in the great wastes of Pacific water. That was just one hundred years ago as we used to count time. You followed the first missionaries to land there.

BINGHAM: Yes, we were right on their heels. We were lucky to escape the cannibals. None of us was eaten by them.

Enter spirit of John Williams

WILLIAMS: I *was* eaten. I knew well I might be. But I felt I had to go to Erromanga just the same. I can see them now, those three cannibals coming in their outrigger canoe to meet my boat. They acted friendly. We gave them some beads and fish-hooks and they got us a pail of water. But they were still savages after all. When I ventured on land, and got well into the bushes, they pounced on me and beat me with a club and carried me off to their roasting pits.

BINGHAM: But your death paved the way, John Williams. The next missionaries to land on Erromanga were *not* eaten. They enticed some young boys to leave the Island. Then when they had converted the boys, and showed them that they were friends, the boys went back to convert their parents. So when *we* landed, they did not molest us.

WILLIAMS: What slow work it has been! But now there is not a single cannibal in all Micronesia. Most of the natives can read and write, thanks to you, Hiram Bingham. You were the first man to set down the language and to translate the Bible for the people.

BINGHAM: What a day that was when a full set of type and a printing press came over on the ship The Morning Star! And then after my rejoicing, I found I didn't have the slightest idea how to work the printing press!

WILLIAMS: What did happen? I never did know. How did you manage to print your Bibles?

BINGHAM: A miracle, Brother Williams! A miracle! One day three shipwrecked sailors were cast ashore on a raft, and one of them began singing and praising God and saying he would never complain again about his dull printer's shop. I caught the words ... "dull printer's shop!" He was a *printer,* John Williams! sent by God in an open boat to print our Bibles. I believe it. Why else did he get washed ashore on our island? Little did I think that nearly one hundred years later my loyal islanders would die to defend those very books.

American Soldier Enters

SOLDIER: You're telling the truth, sir, whoever you are. I can tell you all the details, for I saw them with my very own eyes.

BINGHAM: Let's see, you are the Soul of an American Soldier, aren't you? A G.I.?

SOLDIER: That's right. I was just a doughboy in World War II. And I was plenty tough and rough, when Uncle Sam put me in uniform and sent me to the South Seas. Believe me, I didn't want to go at all! It wasn't my idea. I wanted to stay home and see the World Series and fix up my radio set. No church for me! My poor mother had a time. She brought me up OK but I wouldn't listen. Sunday School? Pooh. Just sissy stuff, and as for missionaries!! I thought they were the white livered saints!! Always praying and drooling around and feeling a shot above everyone else.

BINGHAM: And you changed your mind?

SOLDIER: I'll say I did! They must have been the bravest people in the whole world. Some of them were even eaten by cannibals.

BINGHAM: Here is a soul right here! His body was eaten by cannibals. This is the soul of John Williams.

SOLDIER: Don't tell me! I'm sure glad to see you sir. What a feeling! How did you convert them if they ate you?

BINGHAM: He just made it easier for the next missionaries to land. He had time to show them he was friendly and trusting.

WILLIAMS: You say you went to the South Seas. Did you meet some of our Christians from among the head-hunters?

SOLDIER: I'll tell the world I did. We did a landing job on one of those islands of Micronesia, and we had to creep carefully I tell you. I was inching along through the bushes, expecting old Fuzzy-Wuzzy to knock me on the head. But what do you know, when we stopped we heard them coming to meet us, singing *Jesus Loves Me*. Had an old, old Bible they carried in front of them. And when we GIs stood up they bowed and said, We are Christians from Boston. You could have knocked us for a loop.

BINGHAM: Did you laugh?

SOLDIER: Gosh no! We almost cried. Get that, will you? *Me, crying?* Christians from Boston, with fuzzy heads and big white teeth.

BINGHAM: Did they feed you?

SOLDIER: I'll say they did. Took us in and fed us coconuts and taro bread and took us to prayer meeting. Get that. Took *me* to a prayer meeting. I said, Gosh no, I don't go for that sort o' stuff . . . and want to know what he said?

ALL: Yes!

SOLDIER: He said it was lucky for me that *he* went for it, or else he would have eaten us instead of feeding us! Gee, I certainly got a new angle on missionaries. Anyone want to argue with me about missions? I can tell 'em. I sent $100 to my mother first letter I wrote, to give to foreign missions. It didn't seem like a gift, either . . . it was just gratitude for what I received.

BINGHAM: You gave your life up in Micronesia, then?

SOLDIER: Nope. I got to Korea. There's where a shell got me. But want to know what I did in my spare time? I joined the GIs giving out Bibles to the Korean Christians. I used to pinch myself while I was doing it. But I knew what that Bible could do, you see ... if anybody would *read* it. Course you got to *read* it. And first and last I got kind of ashamed of my own country, sending over Bibles on the same ship with American movies of cocktail parties and two-gun women, pistol-packing Mamas, and whiskey and stuff.

WILLIAM: It is possible that the South Seas will have to send missionaries to America. I hear that on the island of Kusaie there hasn't been a murder for sixty years! There is no jail, no Sunday work, no drinking. And Kusaie even sends missionaries to other islands.

SOLDIER: That's right, they do. The Admiral of our fleet visited our island and saw how well the natives had carried on by themselves when the missionaries were taken off. He said it might very well be, if America were attacked in Atomic warfare that religion would take its rise from Micronesia. Wouldn't that be a funny thing? Huh? Reverse process, sending *us* a Morning Star ship?

CAREY: An irony, certainly. Well, let us take a look at the Planet Earth! Always remember that 1000 years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

SOLDIER: Let me in on it, will you? I'd like to see that old island again, and see what it's doing. I only just got here—no time yet to think about Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

DEACON: Make room for an American soldier, Brother Spirits. Let us watch that tiny island in Micronesia in the year of 1952. Come, Soldier, you are one with us. Listen now and watch that tiny pinpoint set in five million miles of the great Pacific. Let's see what we shall see.

End of Act

Act Two

Micronesian home.

(Sepe, the aged grandmother, is grating coconut and humming.)

Notwe enters: *(Notwe is comic relief all through).*

Hello, old Sepe. I smell your breadfruit cooking. Smells mighty good!

SEPE: Smells good to me too. Have some coconut.

NOTWE: Some folks are lucky. You have breadfruit cooking, and coconut and likely you have some taro roots put away somewhere. *(Sits down, chewing coconut and looks about her. Discovers pile of roots and takes one slyly.)*

SEPE: That's right. We are lucky. *(Sees her take root.)* Help yourself, Notwe. Take one home with you. The Lord has prospered us.

NOTWE: You think it's the Lord, huh? I don't. I think it's luck! You folks have *all* the luck. I haven't any breadfruit, or coconuts, or taro, and I don't catch much fish either. I've left my husband now. I must get me another. Life is not good for me any more.

SEPE: Now see here, Notwe. You don't give thanks for what you *have* got. That's why blessings don't come your way. Didn't the missionaries drain off the swamp so the water doesn't stand in your house any more?

NOTWE: I don't think that was the Lord, though. You are too old to get things straight, Sepe. Aren't you almost a hundred?

SEPE: Yes, Notwe, I'm almost a hundred years old. But I've seen a lot of living in ninety-seven years. God is good, Notwe. My own father was a head-hunter. Did you ever hear how he ate the traders who stole my two sisters? He had big ground ovens like all our people then. Many's the time I've smelled human flesh cooking when I was a little girl. And

then God sent the brave missionaries, and there is not one cannibal left in all these islands now, Notwe.

NOTWE: Well, maybe they were just as happy when they were cannibals! Maybe they were happier than I am.

SEPE: Oh, don't talk that way! They used to cut arms off and cook them before a man was even dead. How could they be happy doing things like that?

NOTWE: Well, if they didn't know any better, they didn't know any better. At least they had something to *eat,* which is more than I have.

SEPE: Look here, Notwe. Why don't you learn to read? You would find out a lot of things. And Tulpe would be glad to teach you. She loves to teach in the Mission School. And you would learn quicker than the children.

NOTWE: Who? ME? NEVER!

SEPE: What makes you so stubborn? Even at my age, I can learn new things. You must be the last woman in the Islands who can't read at *all!*

NOTWE: Oh it's hard for me to give in. Why should I learn to read? What would it get me? Bananas? Coconuts?

SEPE: Well, you don't know. It might. You like Miss Wilson. You could help her and she would give you coconuts. She does now. And think of the trips she has taken you on the Morning Star.

NOTWE: Oh, yes, I love sailing! We skim over the water in that beautiful boat, and Miss Wilson is a fine skipper. She knows how to run that boat better than our own men. Remember that time the crew thought she was wrong and would land at Ronrik? But when they saw land, the crew said "It *is* Liki-ep!" And Miss Wilson said, "Praise the Lord!"

SEPE: I thought I'd get you started! You love boats so much: I have seen four Morning Stars, all bought with dimes from Sunday School children in America.

NOTWE: Well, I have seen three myself. They were all beautiful boats. Here comes that bad girl of yours. *(Enter Tulpe.)* What have you got there, Tulpe?

TULPE: Only the Children's Reading Chart. Say, Notwe! *(As if struck with a sudden thought.)* I've got an idea. You're going to be surprised. Miss Wilson is coming up the hill in a minute.

NOTWE: To take me sailing!

TULPE: Well, no. She didn't even know you were here. She was coming to see *you,* Grandmother.

(Enter Miss Wilson.)

MISS WILSON: My, you can run, Tulpe! I'm all of a puff with that hill! My best to you, Sepe, and you, too, Notwe.

NOTWE: You came to take me sailing, Miss Wilson!

TULPE: No, she didn't. Wait a minute. *(Whispers to Miss Wilson.)*

MISS W: What a wonderful idea! I hope you won't refuse to help us, Notwe.

NOTWE: How can I refuse when I don't know what you want?

MISS W: Good. In one half hour you are going to learn to read that chart, Notwe.

NOTWE: Oh, no, not *me.* It's too hard.

MISS W: It isn't hard. You sit down there, Notwe, and we'll put up this chart. I'll keep time with my watch. *(Puts up chart* [see p. 26], *looks at wristwatch.)*

NOTWE: *(Sits down, saying* "Humph, humph" *in her throat.)*

MISS W: Now you have heard everyone singing *Jesus Loves Me.* This says Yes, Jesus loves me. This is *yes,* this is *Jesus,* this is *loves* this is *me. (Points with a stick she has picked up.)* Now take this stick and you read it.

NOTWE: Jesus—that says Jesus? *Loves, me,* is that *me?*

MISS W: Right, that means you. Now read the next line all alone.

NOTWE: It's just the same. Yes, this is yes ... Jesus, loves, *me?* You think He does?

TULPE: That's what Miss Wilson is trying to teach you, Notwe.

NOTWE: I thought she was trying to teach me to read?

TULPE: Oh dear. *(Throws up her hands in despair.)*

MISS W: Don't be discouraged, Tulpe. Wait till she gets the idea. We're trying to do both, Notwe, teach you to read and teach you that Jesus loves you. Now read the next line.

NOTWE: Same thing! *(Points to each word, apparently getting the idea.)* Yes! Jesus loves *me*. I guess He really means *me,* doesnt' he?

MISS W: Yes, indeed. Now here is a new word. *The Bible!* And here is another, *tells*.

NOTWE: There's me again! *(Points to it.)* The Bible tells me so. Look, Miss Wilson. I could read like this. *(Points to each word, skipping around.)* Yes, the Bible tells—me—Jesus—loves—me!

MISS W: Oh, Notwe! You are very smart! *(Looks at watch.)* Only five minutes! You can read all by yourself. You are smarter than any child.

NOTWE: I can read! I can read! *(Dances a jig, waving her arms.)*

(Tulpe winks at Miss W. and Miss W. winks back.)

MISS W: You're wonderful, Notwe. This afternoon you can go with me in the Morning Star.

NOTWE: Oh, but I'd rather read. Haven't you got another of those things?

TULPE: We've got hundreds of them down at the school. We've even got one about the Morning Star.

NOTWE: Why didn't you tell me it was fun to read, Tulpe? You're a bad girl.

TULPE: Now listen, Notwe. I've told you and told you and begged you to let me teach you.

SEPE: That's right, Notwe, she has.

TULPE: Here's a little book with the same reading in it. You can have it to keep.

NOTWE: Oh, thank you, Tulpe. *(Sits down and begins to point to words, moving her lips.)*

SEPE: But you came for something else, Miss Wilson. Not to teach reading.

MISS W: You are right, Sepe. *(Sits down.)* I came to tell you a problem for I know you are very wise, and you love God and you love the missionaries.

SEPE: Yes, I would do anything to help the missionaries. Without them I wouldn't have any peace in my heart.

MISS W: Well, you know Moses? He was trained here as a minister?

SEPE: Oh, yes, very well. He sailed over to Puluwat to be a missionary there and teach his own people. Tulpe's husband is his own brother.

MISS W: Your memory is all right, Sepe. Now we want to move him to another island, Wolleae, where they want a missionary very badly.

SEPE: Well, why don't you go over in the Morning Star and move him, then?

MISS W: I'll tell you why. They won't let him go! A great tall man about 6½ feet tall follows him around all day for fear we will try to take him. He watches all night, for he wants Moses to stay on Puluwat. He even has his food brought to him so he can stay with Moses every minute.

SEPE: They want him bad, don't they?

MISS W: Yes. *(Shakes head.)* I haven't the heart to move Moses away from Puluwat—they need him so badly. And we haven't many missionaries. I don't know what to do, but I suppose God will show me the way in good time. I thought he might show me through you.

SEPE: You trust him for that? You trust him for everything, don't you?

MISS W: Yes, for everything.

TULPE: *(Puts hand on Sepe's knee.)* Grandmother, look at me! They want a missionary on Wolleae that can speak their language. They want a missionary's wife who can teach the children to read. They want a man and his wife who will stay on Wolleae for a whole year.

SEPE: *(Slowly, at last.)* I understand. *You* want to go. My granddaughter! My Tulpe!

TULPE: But I won't go, if you don't want me to.

MISS W: You think it is cruel to take Tulpe away. But you will be cared for. I will see to that myself.

NOTWE: *(Looking up in a dazed way—shouts.) What? What?* What are you talking about? You send Tulpe to Puluwat and leave the poor old grandmother alone? Almost a hundred years old?

TULPE: I would never leave her *alone,* Notwe. You know that.

NOTWE: But what are you going for? Can't your husband go without you? What can one small girl do?

MISS W: Just what a missionary has always done. Each one went alone, really. That is why all Micronesia is Christian and not savage.

NOTWE: Yes, you came here alone, Miss Wilson, and Miss Hoppin came alone ... *(Stands up and stretches her arms out stiffly as if resolved.) I* will take care of Sepe. I will grate her coconut and cook her breadfruit and I will catch fish and watch over her at night. You are a good girl, Tulpe. You go. Be a missionary to Wolleae!

TULPE: *(Astounded.)* Do you really mean that, Notwe? Why, you don't even believe in God!

NOTWE: Well, I think maybe I will in a few days. He makes good girls like you, and good missionaries like Miss Wilson.

Maybe He can make me good, too. I *feel* good already, thinking about taking care of the grandmother.

TULPE: You're wonderful, Notwe! I know you mean it for you always keep your promises.

SEPE: *(In aged faltering voice.)* Just think. My own father was a cannibal, and *ate* the traders and missionaries. His girl goes to a foreign Island as a Christian missionary. It is wonderful that God waits such a long time.

NOTWE: Will she go on the Morning Star, Miss Wilson?

MISS W: Yes, I shall take her myself. I will leave medicine with you, Notwe. You can give it to Sepe if she falls sick. You must live right here with her.

NOTWE: *(Suddenly.)* If she is sick, I will *read* to her.

MISS W: We surely can trust in God. Did you ever think, Tulpe, that in one day you would decide to be a missionary and that Notwe would be *reading* to your grandmother?

NOTWE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Let's read all together. *(Points with stick.)*

(They all sing Jesus Loves Me, each in a different key, as curtain closes.)

Act Three

One year later.

(Same scene at night. Lantern lit in foreground. Notwe and Sepe abed on two cots across the stage from each other and asleep.)

SEPE: Notwe! Notwe!

NOTWE: What's that, what's that? Oh, what do you want, Grandmother?

SEPE: I'm dying, Notwe.

NOTWE: Oh, no, you're not dying. You just had a bad dream. *(Takes lantern and peers at old lady.)*

SEPE: Yes, I had a dream too. But I'm dying, and I'm very happy.

NOTWE: You woke me up to tell me you're dying and you're happy?

SEPE: No. I want my tin box. Get me my little tin box. My old box. *(Mutters.)* My old tin box.

NOTWE: Listen, Grandmother, where is this box?

SEPE: In the big basket. Look in the basket I made when I was a girl. Way up.

NOTWE: You mean this basket on the wall?

SEPE: Yes yes. My little box is in it. Bring me my box.

NOTWE: You know it's the middle of the night, don't you? *(Gets basket.)*

SEPE: Yes, I know. But I'm going to die and I want my tin box.

NOTWE: You'd better not die till tomorrow. Tulpe's coming home.

SEPE: That's right. I know. That's why I want my tin box. *(Notwe hands her a native basket. Notwe produces a small tin box which rattles. She shakes it.)*

NOTWE: What's in it, Sepe? Money?

SEPE: *(Lays cheek against box.)* Yes, it's full of money. I'm going to count it before Tulpe comes. But let me tell you my beautiful dream.

NOTWE: I'm listening.

SEPE: I saw the whole world, Notwe, and it was full of banana trees and coconut trees and there was a big river; all fresh water and no mosquitoes. And the people sat along the river in a long line. And the first one said to the next one, "I just found out God loves me. Let me tell you about it." And that one smiled and blessed him, *so,* and turned to the next one, and said, I just found out God loves me. Let me tell you about it. And about half way up the river was me, and I turned to say Let me tell you about it, and there was nobody there.

NOTWE: I thought you said there was a long line.

SEPE: Yes, I did. But then it disappeared and there wasn't anybody to tell it to.

NOTWE: That's just like a dream. Something is always disappearing just when you need it.

SEPE: Well, just then I heard somebody say, You are too old to help anyone. But you can send your coins!

NOTWE: Where did you get all these coins anyway?

SEPE: I saved them for fifty years! I got one of them each week when I could work. *(Shakes box.)* I want to give them to Tulpe so she can go back to Wolleae and be a missionary.

NOTWE: You'd send her back before she even *gets* here?

SEPE: Yes, I would. And I'm very happy. But why doesn't she come? *(Fretfully.)* Why doesn't Miss Wilson come? Just when I need her?

(Miss Wilson and Tulpe appear in the door with a second lantern.)

NOTWE: A miracle! The Morning Star came in the night! Look, old Sepe! See who's here!

TULPE: *(Kneeling by bed takes Sepe's hand.)* We're back, safe and sound, Grandmother. Are you all right?

SEPE: *(Struggles up, and feels of her face.)* It's my very own Tulpe. *(Sees Miss Wilson.)* And my very own Miss Wilson. I'm very happy. My little box!

NOTWE: Ask her what she's got in the box. *(Brings lantern nearer.)*

TULPE: What's in the box, Grandmother?

SEPE: *(Opening it and letting coins slip through her fingers.)* Money for you, Tulpe. I want to send a missionary all by myself. You go right back to Wolleae just as soon as I die.

TULPE: But you're not going to die!

SEPE: Oh yes I am. Very soon. But I'm very happy. You be sure to send another missionary to take *your* place, Tulpe, when you die. Now, see ... take my little tin box. It's for you on Wolleae.

TULPE: Thank you, Grandmother. You don't even realize what

you have done. *(Turns with emotion and sees the dawn.)* Oh, look at the light, Grandmother. It's morning. *(Spot lights go on gradually. They blow out lanterns.)*

MISS W: Listen! Hear the people singing down by the Morning Star!

TULPE: I hope there will always be a Morning Star, come to take us home.

SEPE: There will be. God's word will never die . . . Miss Hoppin taught me that. . . . My little tin box. My little tin box. . . .

(Record off stage of voices singing some hymn, in foreign tongue if possible.)

END

Due to the great increases in costs
it becomes necessary for
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to increase its subscription rate.

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Note that *Children's Religion* for January, 1952, has wonderful material and pictures on Micronesia. Available from the Pilgrim Press at 15 cents per copy.

For the Pilgrim Fellowship

Pilgrim Fellowship Missionary Action Packet contains Friendly Service suggestion for sending fish-hooks from our Youth Groups to the young people of Micronesia. (See Pilgrim Fellowship and Our Christian World Mission.) Free.

A Play

In addition to the play given in this issue of ENVELOPE SERIES ("O, Morning Star") we recommend: "When They Saw The Star." Planned for Christmas but good for all the year round. By Edith Hunter. 10-18 players. Mimeographed form. 5 cents. From the Missions Council.

Magazines

We call attention to *Life* magazine, April 25, 1949. Here is a fine spread of photographs and text including the picture of Eleanor Wilson.

National Geographic, July, 1948, January, 1949 (and others), has excellent pictures and articles about Micronesia.